

# Knightmare

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Takes place at the final confrontation of Shovel Knight and The Enchantress. Shovel Knight must endure some difficult hardships in what could be his final battle.

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*"I have to keep moving... I have to put an end to The Enchantress' terror."*

These thoughts filled Shovel Knight's head as he continued to climb the Tower of Fate, having trouble doing so with the injuries he sustained at the hands of both her Order of No Quarter as well as the knight of no allegiance: Black Knight. The worst of which came very early on from his last battle with Black Knight, who was a formidable adversary to begin with, especially after he fell under the control of The Enchantress' vile magic. Even through his armor, Shovel Knight's body was heavily battered and bruised by the knight of obsidian armors deadly assault.

As the strength of the dark storm continued to increase, so too did Shovel Knight's fatigue. But with what little strength he had left along with his determination and will power Shovel Knight had finally reached his destination.

As soon as he had defeated The Order, Shovel Knight could feel the dark presence of The Enchantress growing stronger and wider with each passing moment. But now that he stood on the top floor of the Tower of Fate, there was no need for this feeling as he could see her sitting before him. In this dark room that was only being illuminated by a few candles and the weak moonlight.

"... It's a beautiful night, isn't it?" The Enchantress said rather pleased as she sat on a window still, staring at the ongoing stormy that clouded the night time sky. Enjoying the sight of the land being covered with darkness.

"Shield Knight! Come with me, let us leave this place!" Shovel Knight exclaimed, pleading that his words could reach his possessed friend.

Shovel Knights cry for Shield Knight caused The Enchantress to change her gaze from the night she seemed to love to the knight who opposed her.

"How pitiful, clinging to false hope, chasing ghosts." The villainous witch said disappointingly as she continued to look down on Shovel Knight.

"..." Shovel Knight was speechless, was it possible that he was too late? Was his entire quest to save her really just a lost cause and waste of time?

And with that, the candles that fought against the darkness were extinguished. Not by the rain or winds of the storm, but the power of the one who was at the helm of the raging storm that was slowly engulfing the world: The Enchantress.

"So, have you come to sleigh me knight? To avenge your beloved?" The master of this tower, and the Order of No Quarter, asked as she descended.

"Gaze into my eyes. See how fearful I am. Watch me cower as you draw your blade." She said with a malicious voice and a cold stare.

As the two former friends stared at each other, one floating a few feet from the floor, Shovel Knight plunged his shovel into the ground.

"I don't need a blade to fight evil. Shield Knight, I know you aren't lost forever." Shovel Knight said, free of any doubt, as he again tried to reach her.

"You haven't the slightest hope of defeating me, but I won't stop you from trying... So please..." The Enchantress said as she closed her eyes.

" **LET US DANCE TOGETHER INTO THE ABYSS!** " The Enchantress exclaimed, with open arms and a sadistic smile, as she opened her eyes. They were soul piercing.

She waited a moment before attacking, wanting Shovel Knight to draw his shovel from the ground. Not seeing any way around it, Shovel Knight did just that. Despite the pain from both his emotions and wounds, Shovel Knight was prepared for what is to be their first, last, and only battle. Shovel Knight knew he wouldn't be able to last long against her in this state under *normal* circumstances... but thankfully, Shovel Knight had with him two chalices filled with the ichors of the Troupple King. A red one that could completely heal him and a blue one that could temporary make him almost completely invincible. Provided he can drink from either one of them.

With no more words between them: The Enchantress began forming purple flames in each of her hands, while Shovel Knight began to tighten the grip on his shovel. There were only four things that could be heard: the pitter patter of the rain against the stone walls, the repeating thumps of the lone knights feet galloping across the hard floor, the crackling of the purple flames, and the sound of flames erupting as they make contact with the knights mighty shovel. As if the room was a twisted batting cage Shovel Knight found himself repeatedly hitting away the dark magic careening towards him, sending them back to Enchantress.

After hours of this relentless fight, consisting of burns, cuts, and a few ounces of blood. During their battle sparks flew from Shovel Knights' blade and blinded the Enchantres, giving the wounded knight a much needed opening. Just enough to reach for his chalices. As Shovel Knight readied himself to drink the ichors, he hadn't noticed the slight rumble coming from below him. After being blinded the witches dark power acted as violent as her temper. This caused the very floor beneath her adversary, as well as the wall behind him, to be completely obliterated; sending the knight plummeting to the ground outside. In the cold, dark rain.

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## Author's Notes

**Should I continue with this?**

**If "no" the ending is determined by how well you do/did against The Enchantress.**

**If 'yes" what should Shovel Knight's condition be, Dead, Alive, or something else (although I'm not sure what)?**